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BY THE DEAD.

SHE lay in her chamber, peaceful and still,
And silent, as all of us some day will.

Her hands held fast, on her marble breast,
A lotus-lily, in dreams of rest.

Her eyes were shut on the world of men,
Never to weep and grow dim again

At the sorrowful story of grief and loss,
Or darken with pain at the weight of a cross;

And her lips were shut close, as if to keep
The secrets of death and its wonderful sleep.

"Waken, darling," he cried, and laid
His hands on the clasped hands of the maid.

"Or is it *not* slumber that holds you here,
In this strange, white silence? Answer, dear.

"Open your lips, as a flower unfolds,
And tell me the secrets your silence holds.

"Lift from your cheeks that are waxen white
The gold of your lashes, and let the light

"Of eyes the sweetest I ever knew,
Like the sky at sunset, tremble through.

"I forget! You are deaf to the words I say,
The soul that would answer has gone away.

"Dead? dead? Oh you are not! It can not be!
Waken, darling, and answer me!

"See! here is a rose, a great white rose,
Sweet as true love is, and pansy-blows

"All wet with the tears of the angels. Wake,
And take them and wear them for love's sweet sake.

"I clasp your hand in my own, and cry,
'Is it such a terrible thing to die?'

"The hardest lot is to live, and know
That a face is hidden in grass or snow,

"That was fairest of all things under the sun:
To think that the dream of all dreams is done;

"To know that the years, be they many or few,
Will be years of longing and grief for you!

"My sweet, dead rose! If I lay by your side,
If I had died on the day you died,

"And the same low grave that will cover you
Could shut us both from the world we knew,—

"Away from the woe and the ills that fret,
From loss, and longing, and all regret,—

"Oh, love, such slumber would be so sweet,
Wrapped in daisies from head to feet,

"Or snow that is white as the cheeks I kiss,
Where the roses were that I so much miss!

"But that can not be! You will rest and dream,
Like a lily asleep on an eddied stream,

"While I go on with the tide of life,
And think of you in its fiercest strife,—

"Think of the girl with the pansy-eyes,
And the sometime gladness of Paradise.

"For over there, when the end shall come
Of waiting, and sleeping,—no longer dumb

"To the words I utter, your lips will meet
My own in a kiss that is wondrous sweet.

"Oh pure, white love! Take one last long kiss,
To keep while the time of our waiting is;

"And give it back in that realm so fair,
With Paradise-bloom on your sun-touched hair:
And so,—good-bye! But good morning *there!*"

—Eben E. Rexford.

DREAM-FAIRIES.

THEY are a misty, shadowy, sensitive troop from the spirit land, who touch you with such delicate yet most potent fingers, that you are fain to believe their magic is only the much bepraised and misunderstood faculty—imagination. That mental quality, besides its other functions, is in this case only a suitable canvas on whose ready surface these dream ones paint with wondrous grace, and such tender, truthful,

often gleeful, sometime mournful brushes—dipped, unseen, in marvelous colors—that their pictures, hanging in the gallery of man's memory, make him an art-lover, though he will not always admit the fact. Is it of any consequence to them whether a man be cross-grained, sour, uncomfortably ugly? Very little. For they have sweetness and sunlight at their call, and can let them down upon him in such measure that his narrow soul expands, for a while, at least, until they have time to charm with a picture, whose memory, somehow, holds him afterward, causing the doors of his old life to open unwillingly when he shrinks back to go in again. One day these dream-spirits will keep him so long looking that the doors will never open, even if he has the heart to go back to them; and then because he must get a new place to live in, he may be a broader, better man.

Come the dream-elves to that valued conservative, the "practical" man? Aye, indeed they do: though with so gentle presence he does not think the prosaic visions interlined among his plans can be other than the natural results of forethought and sober, logical desire to act well his part. Do you suppose, for one moment, they could neglect so promising a subject? Not at all. Why, they come to him in crowds, and cling about him so that were he any other kind of the genus homo he could not help but see them; and, knowing this right well, they are ever ready with such rare browns and grays, and "common," but most rich and art-full hues, for the beautifying of his steady, strong, common-sense life, that his days resemble the golden ones of harvest, containing sustenance for dependent ones, enriching the rest of us unworthy with wisdom. All this without his knowing one whit of their visitation, over which they exult with almost riotous but silent joy, for they never speak; if they did, 'twould spoil their mission.

They come with careful, delicate approach to him who, silent and sensitive, can not, to save his life, speak out or write the thoughts that burn within him; who is known among us as "reserved—peculiar." Ah, to see this "companie of faeries" venturing near him when, tired with the struggle against the world which can not understand his silence, he is in discouraged revery. How their beautiful, ethereal faces beam with sympathy and confidence of power to help him. How they stay his outcoming gloomy fancies, and with their loving hands retouching, soften the dark shadows and give the light more shining influence, until his face is irradiate by their cunning, immortal skill, and his soul illumined with their heavenly contact! How the man is changed in his thinking—wondering the while how it can be—utterly unconscious of their nearness! How they stay by him, even until the sweet angel of sleep bids them good-night, ere they depart to bless some other of humanity! Linger still, they leave even then a picture that shall remain with him—a promise until the time when the cord of his soul's tongue shall be unloosed, and all the life-pent self-hood of the man be gathered into the near hearing of Him who imposed so long silence only that it might be no infant's babbling heralding the first full utterance of His child.

Where next go the dreamland fairies? Is there the youth or maiden in all the land *they* do not know? Go they not to all such, whether of high or low degree, causing such photography in the hearts of either that their work is now almost the oldest story of earth? Hardly is there a girl into whose life they have not strayed, setting up some man who may be only medium, and glorifying him to that extent the world can hold no other like him. Is it mischievous and wicked of them to lead her into thinking of him as the noblest man created—his words more full of lingering harmony than the dreamiest music—his presence, strength; his absence, weakness? No; for all these he may one day be to her, if he will; and the fairies from the country of visions can only paint what *may be*, not what will be.

Is it wrong for them to come with skill into a man's forecasting, filling it with rosiest light, born of the central woman's figure which they would fain have him believe is an epitome of all heart's joy? Never; for if she *be* but ordinary and yet doth *love* him, the fairies keep her before him in most undimmed perfection; and though he may now and then think *he* sees as others look upon her, the first symptom of such a thought is smothered in embryo by the fairies, who interlace their fingers before his eyes, and gazing through them, he is himself again. Even if, in pressure of other mission-business, they sometimes fail to come with ready wit at the right time, and household jars are imminent, the lesson taught by

their first painting is not always forgotten in the smoke of horrible household strife. Then, if children come, these vision-makers come with them, picturing anew the future to father and mother, with its preferment and honor for the child; touching with their loving lips the tiny mouth of the newborn baby, who straightway seems to recognize them with a strange, wondering, far-off look that every mother knows, but can not fathom in the little one.

Ever picturing come the dream-ones to the artist, flinging between him and the sky, that he may see it through the clear crystal they hold over him, their glory of color—tinting all the sunsets with swinging on the horizon their drapery of crimson, gold and gray, making glorious the ocean as they repose, like veriest mermaids, on its calm breast, or hurry, like ghosts of drowned martyr-nuns, through the storm-caused caverns of its waves. They never leave him; but in his self-confessed weakness, in placing with rude hand upon the canvas the copy of sublime and simple Nature, they so direct him, so slyly mix the colors, so fondly gift the journeyman's eyes with more than human seeing, that we common mortals are amazed when his work is finished. And when we humbly stand before it, and are grateful for the giver and the gift, how they make it grow and grow upon us, till the daylight has all faded ere we are aware—the swift minutes and the slower hours alike unheeded in their going!

If these dreamland beings may not speak our language, their power over celestial harmony is such that the musician often hears and gives us, through their kindly mediation, music that in coming down to this our world has lost but little of its holy purity and strength—has fallen but a trifle from the key-note of heaven, considering the distance of most of us from there. And so, to rich and poor, to scholars, priests and kings, to artists, authors, musicians, men, women and the little children, ever come the dream-fairies on their loving and merciful mission, whose beginning is in the rocking-cradle; whose ending will support the second childhood, trembling age, to the last sleeping-place—their power to soothe and rest, from first to last, unwearying and continual. Nay, more; when the last prodigal of earth shall have arisen from among the husks and swine, and shall have accomplished his repentant journey to the Father's house, ere yet the gate of heaven is shut forever, shall come trooping in the dreamland ones, who delayed only to be sure the last wanderer, for whom was given their last effective visitation, had come safely home.

—X. B. Reaux.

CLOCHETTE.

THE LITTLE STORY OF A LITTLE SONG.

"SPINNING was young Clochette,
Came a fond youth to woo;
She was a sad coquette,
He was a lover true."

Long golden lashes fringe a pair of soft blue eyes; and on the breath of the summer night is borne, in a fresh, tender young voice, the words of the little song.

The girl eyes know very well that a pair of dark masculine orbs are shining directly down upon them, striving to discover by flutter of lash or tremor of lid, some answer to the question those same brown eyes have asked over and over, in their dumb, mute language. But the white lids are quite unmoved, and the song goes on in the sweet, pure voice:

"Clochette, Clochette,
You drive me far from you.
Clochette, Clochette,
I come to say adieu!"

"Well chosen, Miss Nelly," interrupts the owner of the dark brown eyes, bending lower as he adds: "You have selected a most appropriate song for my last evening at Cedar Croft."

"You like it, then?" answers Nelly Allen, playing the accompaniment softly, and continuing in a mocking voice, "I thought it *apropos*; one who bears the title of 'flirt,' can, I suppose, readily understand the feelings of a 'coquette' as well!"

"You confound or transpose the positions, Miss Nelly," returned Harry Rand, warmly. "I assure you, it is with the deepest emotion of the 'fond youth' that I most sympathize, for I, too, come to say adieu!"

"Adieu!"—and there is a pathetic tone in her echo of the sad word. Then, with a quick toss of the golden head, and a beaming smile, Nelly Allen

changes the tone instantly and answers with a little laugh:

"And you think I really believe you are going away—you, who have cried 'wolf' so often that no one heeds any more? I regret that I can show no appropriate grief at the announcement, but indeed I can not get out a tear. I am not a bit sorry, for—you won't go!" And with a dash the little white hands fly over the keys in a wild waltz.

A cloud gathers over the dark eyes, and the husky voice threatens a storm as it whispers hoarsely: "You do not care!—And is this all you will say to me, Nelly? Am I to go with no other than those cruel words—you 'are not sorry?'"

"Oh, *bon voyage*, and that sort of thing, of course," laughs Nelly over her shoulder, rattling on in her waltz with a chaos of harmony which neither hear nor heed now.

"It is you who are the most heartless of coquettes, and I shall go and try to forget you forever—adieu!" and with these words Harry Rand stalks out of the room, as stately as a prince. The hall door closes with a bang; and, as though it were an echo, the last chords of the waltz end now in a crash, while in the shadowy moonlight a fair golden head may be seen pillowed on the piano desk.

"What else *could* I say?" she sobs to herself. "Does he expect me to throw myself into his arms and tell him that I love him with all my heart, and will be his wife, before he *asks* me? If I can't be wooed I won't be won! Stupid fellow, to talk in enigmas and parables all summer long! Why don't he say out boldly, 'Nelly, I love you—will you marry me?' instead of looking unutterable things out of his big, beautiful brown eyes, and saying nothing when the time arrives to part but 'adieu?' Oh, I hate him—there!" And a fresh burst of tears showers down on the white keys.

Very cool and stately indeed Prince Harry stalks off; but there is a smarting wound beneath his armor that stings and pains beyond relief.

"That I should fall in love with so heartless a coquette!" he mutters to himself as he paces up and down the garden-walk. "She cares no more for me than she does for the rest of the foolish moths that flit around the flame of her sweet smiles and pretty ways. Girls are cruel creatures; they play fast and loose with a man's heart, like a cat trifling with a mouse! Yes, it is best that I should go away now—go where I shall never see her—never hear her again."

A soft strain of music floats out on the summer breeze; and stealing closer to the vine-covered window, Harry Rand stops and listens to another verse of the song he characterized a short time since as "very appropriate." The voice is low and tremulous, and the words half sobbed:

"Silent was young Clochette,
Grieved in her heart was she;
For, though a sad coquette,
None was so dear as he.
'Clochette, Clochette,
I go for love of you.
Clochette, Clochette,'—
She only said adieu!"

"Oh!—oh!—oh!"—and sob after sob follow the last words, with the sweet head again fallen low.

Swifter than arrow from hunter's bow there rushes through the darkness, into the moonlighted room, a tall, dark figure; and kneeling beside the golden-fleece-hid, tear-stained face, a voice whispers passionately:

"Will you forgive my hasty temper and harsh words, Nelly darling?—And will you believe me when I say that I love you with all my heart, and ask you to be my wife? Let me kiss these tears away! Look at me, darling, and answer me truly: You *do* care for me a little, do you not?"

The tears are all wiped away—one by one; the blue eyes are lifted up to meet the brown ones; and Nelly answers after a little while, saucy as ever:

"Now that you have *asked* the question, sir, I will answer, Yes. How could I answer without being questioned, pray? Girls must be wooed to be won: we don't like to do men's work, if we do prate about 'rights.'"

"But you acted so cold and careless of my wooing. How could I speak when you only mocked me?"

"That is our weapon of warfare—our tongues, you know! A lover must persist; a girl is never so nearly won as when she acts as I did. A lover must be bold; 'Faint heart,' you know, and all that."

"Then the Romans were model lovers, when they carried off the Sabine women, I suppose," laughs Harry.

"Certainly, they were; and didn't they win model wives? For who settled the difficulties between the two peoples, but the wives?—something the men had never accomplished, and never would have done till doomsday."

"What a dear little Sabine *you* would have been, Nell," says Harry—now, by way of an attempt at playing Roman, closely embracing his *fiancée*.

"And what a lazy Roman *you* would have made!—stopping, no doubt, in the *melée*, to tell the young woman, before you picked her up to carry her off, that you really meant to go back to Rome some day, if she didn't come quietly, and then watching to see how she would take it, and setting her down if she objected."

"That will do, I think,—let's change the subject, Nelly," answers Harry. "There!—I'll let you go, if you will sing me the last verse of the song I interrupted."

While the blue eyes look up, now, into the brown ones, answering back all the devotion they see there, the sweet young voice takes up the strain again and sings:

" 'Let me,' he said, 'Clochette,
This little blossom take.'
Wept then this sad coquette
As though her heart would break."

A "break" in the melody occurs here; and the pause is filled up by a sound, written for no instrument ever catalogued; and then two voices finish the little song together:

" 'Clochette, Clochette,
I know now, you love me true.
Clochette, Clochette,
We'll never say adieu.'"
—Augusta von Bubna.

A GIFT FROM ST. PETERSBURG.

FOR stage princesses of fame there can be no more thankful public than the members of the Nobility Club in the city on the Neva. As the papers inform us, Adelina Patti, at the close of her engagement in the St. Petersburg Italian Opera, received from the above-named club a breast-pin consisting of a pear-sized pearl, set in thirty-one diamonds, its value estimated at seventy-five thousand francs. In reading this notice we remembered a yet more costly gift from the same club, the bestowal of which upon the receiving prima-donna recalls such interesting and happy moments that the relation of them at this present seems well worth while.

Seven years ago, Pauline Lucca ended with immense applause an engagement in St. Petersburg. Already some weeks she had trilled again in the Berlin Royal Theatre, like a nightingale escaped from an icy cage.

Then, one day there presented themselves to the General Intendant of the Royal Plays, Herr von Hülsen, three men from St. Peter's metropolis, who appeared as a gift delegation from the Nobility Club in that city. The speaker stated that he and his two companions had been sent to Berlin by extra train to give to Fräulein Lucca, in acknowledgment of her services to the highest tastes of the Russian aristocracy, a little bouquet. The embassy asked Herr von Hülsen to give his advice in performing in the most appropriate manner their delicate mission. The Herr General Intendant declared himself ready to make the necessary arrangements immediately; although, actuated by a very natural curiosity, he wished first to see with his own eyes the "little bouquet," for whose transport and delivery three men and perhaps an entire train had been deemed necessary by the givers. The speaker pointed through a window to the street; before the door stood a wagon, and upon it was an elegant circular box of considerable dimensions, which contained the bouquet. Herr von Hülsen ordered the box to be brought to his room with great care. Here the cover of the receptacle was removed, and what became visible? A bouquet three feet in diameter, composed of the most beautiful white camellias—in the middle of winter time—the fringe, white satin, embroidered with gold; the Catholic belief of the receiver being noticed by a giant cross of fragrant violets, that lay in the bottom of the camellias, like a child in the lap of its mother. As the centre of the bouquet, like the black spot in the target, appeared a tiny crown of fifty large diamonds, that fairly sparkled fire in the darkness. The handle

was bound with two white satin ribbons of a hand's width, with fringes of real gold; and in each ribbon was embroidered artistically one of the names of the most aristocratic club members.

Herr von Hülsen was visibly astonished at the beauty and costliness of the fragrant floral production, and he informed the deputation that the presentation could not by any means dare to be an ordinary one. Under the seal of the profoundest secrecy, the necessary arrangements were made. For the evening of the appointed day, Nicolai's opera, "The Merrie Wives of Windsor," was announced, in which Pauline Lucca, as Mrs. Fluth, excels. The Royal Opera singer, Herr Edward Bost, basso, who, as Sir John Falstaff, shares her laurels, was admitted into the secret. "At midnight hour," the box was taken to the Opera House, and for the time placed in one of its dressing-rooms, under lock and key.

At the end of the opera, Mrs. Fluth has to say about these words to Sir John Falstaff: "Sir John, we have been very unlucky, we could not meet. My knight I will not make you again, but my creature you will always stay." Falstaff replies: "I begin to perceive that I have been made to play the fool." Here he continued, of his own accord: "In spite of that, dear little woman, I have no hate for you; and as proof that I always esteem you, you will receive from me, before parting, a little bouquet of camellias and violets, which, in spite of the cold weather, I have ordered for you direct from St. Petersburg."

The "little Pauline" looked wonderingly with her great eyes at Sir John, in his mysterious extempore speech, and the audience also waited breathless for what should follow. Here Herr von Hülsen gave the director of the orchestra a signal; soon the thrilling tones of the Russian National Hymn resounded through the crowded opera house; the three Russians, in their national costume, came upon the stage, and kneeling before the singer, according to Russian manners, presented, hanging by fastenings, the costly and carefully guarded bouquet. For a few moments the fêted prima-donna stood like a statue, gazing motionless upon the floral work of art; and then her joyful emotions found vent in an abundant shower of tears. The audience had rapidly comprehended the situation, and thunder-like storms of applause re-echoed through the house long after the curtain had fallen. And verily they had cause for such a demonstration; for up to this time the gift of the Nobility Club of St. Petersburg is able to stand upon record as at once the largest and costliest ever made to prima-donna on the stage. —A. K. Sulzer.

FOR BABY'S SAKE!

THE weary night has worn away
In troubled dream, and start of pain;
And, groping through the shadows gray
Morn lights my darkened room again.
How can I meet this bitter morn,
Life's anguish left, its hope forlorn?
How can I bear the thoughts that wake
From sleep with me? *For baby's sake!*

The brightest of the morning beams
Seeks out the darling lying there;
It lights the sleep-flushed cheek; it gleams
In tangled waves of sunny hair;
Flies from the hand that grasps in vain,
Then kisses the soft lips again:
No shadow of my sorrow lies
In those forget-me-nots, his eyes.

I check the sighs that quickly come,
Drive back the tears that haste to spring:
I will not cloud, with look of gloom,
The little one's awakening:
His father's face he ne'er shall see:
More bright his mother's smile must be!
My bark of joy gone down—its wake
Must glitter still—for baby's sake.

Dear baby-arms, that clasp my own!
The soft embrace renews my power;
Sweet voice, I hear in every tone
God's message to my darkest hour.
He knew the grief my soul must stir,
And sent my little comforter:
A baby's hand to help me on,—
A baby's love to lean upon!

Nor all alone, I'm sometimes sure,
My joy in this fair child can be:
From holier home, with love more pure,
His father watches him with me.
To grasp heaven's hope, by faith and prayer,
To train his boy to meet him there,—
For *this* I live! For *this* I wake!
Help me, dear Lord! for baby's sake!

—Sophy Langdon.